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Roxbury, Feb. 8, 1877.

My dear Fanny:

William has just brought me the telegram, announcing that Helen will be with us this evening. I am glad it is so pleasant a day to make the journey. I will be at the depot on her arrival. Agnes is here, leaping for joy that she is to have Helen again for a companion. She goes to Mrs. Walker's school at Jamaica Plain, but returns in season for dinner. She also attends a dancing school out there three or four times a week. Her health is uncommonly good.

No doubt Miss Sprague will readily admit Helen to her school; but whether Helen will be contented there, without Agnes, is perhaps a question. But give yourself no anxiety on her account. We will endeavor to make her visit as happy as possible.

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Learning that Flory Osborne was evidently near her mortal dissolution, Ellie (with Tommy, preceded by Nellie) took the 9 o'clock train last evening for Auburn. To-day William has received a telegram from Mr. Osborne, announcing the death of Flory this morning. The funeral is to be on Saturday. William will leave in the morning train for Auburn. He is in a very nervous condition, and gets but little sleep. In the wool business he is doing nothing at present. Last year he ran behind his personal and household expenses more than three thousand dollars. This makes a hole in his capital.

The Cobbs left us last Monday, and are now on "the bounding billows." The weather has enabled them to have a fair start. In fact, for several days, it has been like April; and we have had no storm or severe cold since the 15th of January.

Moody and Sankey are here with their sensational "revival." Thousands flock to hear them every day — curiosity, no doubt, being the predominating incentive. I am inclined to think more people will "lose their heads" than will save their souls.

I spent a couple of hours, yesterday, with Mary Willey. She has been a great sufferer from a kidney trouble since the first of November — nothing but the injection of morphine enabling her to live through her agony. She was very cheerful, but looking pale and thin; and though a little better, stands a poor chance of recovery, as it is feared she has Bright's disease.

Glad to hear that Harold is getting along so comfortably. Sorry for Oswald. Probably he will catch the disorder.

Sarah Southwick sends her regards and sympathy to you and yours.

Your loving Father.

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